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THE MIDNIGHT ENEMY.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE, ESQ.

I HAVE an adventure to relate, which, however singular, is absolutely true. I do not give it at secondhand. I do not dress up an old woman's story with the appliances of romance, but relate the circumstances as they occurred, without the slightest exaggeration, and from my own personal knowledge. I am myself the hero of the tale; I was myself the object of a persecution as inexplicable as it was terrific. I am at this moment sound in mind and body; I remember distinctly the extraordinary details I have undertaken to narrate; and I give them with the same fidelity as if I were in the witness-box of a court of justice.

Perhaps I should begin by speculating upon the history of a belief in supernatural appearances; perhaps I should seek shelter for my own insignificance under the shadow of illustrious names; perhaps I should endeavour to disarm the hostility of science by suggesting the possibility of explanation. But I will do none of these things. I am accustomed to the severity of criticism, and can bear it without flinching; and if I meet with the ridicule I expect, I can console myself with the idea that it is not for the first time.

The scene of the narrative has not a romantic name; it is not in a distant part of the country; it is not surrounded by woods and wilds: it is in the county of Kent, in the midst of a populous neighbourhood, well known to the traveller along the highway, and the student of Patterson's Roads; in short, it is Prospect Lodge, the seat of my friend Jacob Walker, Esq., formerly of Mineing Lane, London, drysalter and alderman. This gentleman was originally from the same part of the country as myself; but he was much older, and was already on the high road to wealth, when I was thrown, by the force of circumstances, a moneyless adventurer upon the metropolitan world. It was, therefore, many years before we met; but when at length he recognised my harsh and uncommon conjunction of names on the titlepage of a book, he sought me out, and we became intimately acquainted. When he retired from active life, he kindly invited me to visit him at Prospect Lodge; and I was not sorry to exchange for a week the cares of my London life for the quiet of the country.

I cannot say, however, that I enjoyed so much quiet as I had expected; for Mr Walker spent, as he does to this moment, his handsome income after the manner of "a fine old English gentleman," feasting his friends and neighbours every day of the week. The good cheer was, in fact, excessive; and as our entertainer belongs to a school which has well-nigh passed away, it was impossible for me to preserve, even if I had been very strenuously inclined to do so, my usual simplicity of diet. I was there, however, for the express purpose of enjoying myself, and it mattered little in what way this was done. The birds on the table, though without plumage, were certainly better dressed than those in the air; sheep may be beautiful objects capering on the lea, but so are jigots, with caper sauce, in the dish; the trickle of turtle-soup is as musical as the cooing of turtle-doves; and a crab is a far more amiable monster than a critic. In short, I reconciled myself with great philosophy to the substitution of eating and drinking for reading and writing; and the week passed pleasantly away—all but the last night.

I perceive that I have been endeavouring to conceal from myself the next step in the narrative by an absurd conjunction of ideas. I would enter with bravado upon the scene of terror and perplexity I am now to describe. But it will not do. My hand falters as it traces the lines; sweat breaks upon my brow; and

the circumstances of that fearful night start up before me, not like fancies to amaze, but like spectres to affright. Some new guests—a mother and daughter—had arrived unexpectedly in the afternoon; and it was arranged that I should give up my room to them, and occupy, for the single night I was to remain, one that would have been too small for two persons. When bedtime arrived, Mr Walker accompanied me himself to my new apartment; he mentioned, incidentally, the death of an intimate acquaintance of us both, which had taken place in the very bed. That gentleman had been on a week's visit, like myself, at the Lodge; had retired one night, in good health and spirits; and was found dead, apparently of apoplexy, in the morning! This event, however, was now of old date; and, at any rate, when one has just eaten a full luxurious meal, and gladdened his heart, without exciting his nerves, with a moderate glass of choice wine, he does not yield readily to melancholy impressions. I never was better in my life than at that moment; I felt a sensation of comfort and consequence; it seemed to me as if I was taller and stronger than usual; and when my host and I parted for the night, I paced for some time up and down the room, thinking high thoughts, dreaming vague but agreeable dreams, and determining that it was a very good thing to pass a week now and then at a friend's house in the country.

It is proper to go into these details, even at the hazard of being charged with tediousness; for, without knowing fully the state of mind in which I retired to bed, it would be impossible to come to any just conclusion as to the nature of what took place afterwards. Be it observed, then, that I was well in health and spirits; that the death of the former tenant of the room had taken no hold of my imagination; and that I had not drunk more that day than my usual moderate quantity of wine.

I put out my light and went to bed, but not with the intention of resigning myself all at once to sleep. This was the last night of my week's visit; and, as it usually happens at the close of the petty spaces into which our mundane life is subdivided, my thoughts busied themselves in a review of circumstances. Seven breakfasts, seven luncheons, seven dinners, seven teas, seven suppers, seven sleeps—these were all. There was not much variety, one would have thought, and yet there was much confusion. I was not very well satisfied either with my moral or physical history during the period; but yet I returned again and again, with surprising pertinacity, to the task of disentangling the thread of the chronicle. Sometimes it slipped away from my perceptions, but I caught it again with a start. The noises of the house, in the mean time, died away one by one. It was profoundly silent, and intensely dark. The moment had just arrived when the wearied and puzzled brain sinks into repose, or else is withdrawn to new labours of which the senses are unconscious. The bridle of volition was already relaxed, and the liberated ideas gave themselves up to all manner of extravagances; but always of a kind either cheerful or absurd. Inert objects endowed themselves with life and motion. A boiled turbot pursued lazily an oyster-patty through a sea of transparent soup; a haunch of venison kicked at a roasted goose, which thereupon waddled up to the transgressor, stretching out its headless neck, and hissing indignantly. I was half-amused and half-troubled by those fancies, which I knew to be the immediate precursors of sleep, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by three or four deep groans following each other in rapid succession, and coming, as it seemed, from the breast of a man in the agonies of suffocation.

In an instant I was up in a sitting posture, and had withdrawn the curtain. The room was utterly dark, but the window just visible. I thought a shadow passed across it two or three times; but this might have been the motion of the clouds beyond; for the apartment being on the third floor, and overlooking a range of low hills, it had been unnecessary to draw the blind. Gradually, however, a luminous spot became visible in the sky; the tumbling masses of vapour cleared partially away, and a patch of greyish blue appeared, with a single star in the midst. But this continued only for a moment; the clouds resumed their reign; and as darkness came back by degrees, I perceived clearly that the shadow-like form I had seen was not a portion of the phenomena of the heavens. As the light withdrew, it seemed to acquire solidity. It resembled a human figure, covered with a cloak; but from the position of the eyes, which at length were visible under the hood, it was either in a stooping posture, or lower and broader than an ordinary man.

Soon the eyes were nearer; I heard no foot-fall, but I knew that something was approaching the foot of the bed; and presently I felt the clothes stirred. I sunk back upon the pillow, oppressed with a horror which it is impossible to describe. The room was small—so small, that I had put my portmanteau under the bed to be out of the way; and this had enabled me to see that there was nothing concealed. There was no closet or cupboard; the furniture consisted of the bed, a small table, and a chair. I had locked the door, according to my usual custom; and I had fastened the window—a precaution useless, however, on the third floor against any thing but the keen night air. Surely I am not to be despised for feeling terror under such circumstances. The clothes, I say, were stirred; my left foot was grasped by something resembling innumerable fingers, and in a moment I felt the teeth of a man, or animal, or fiend, meeting in my great toe. I tried to draw up my leg, but it seemed paralysed; I tried to scream, but horror choked my voice; and the teeth munched and munched, mangling the flesh, grating against the bone; and the blood trickled, and then streamed, till I heard it plashing upon the floor. I at length became insensible, partly perhaps through pain, and partly from loss of blood.

When I returned to consciousness, the shadow was again at the window. My first thought was to spring to the bell, which was almost within reach; but as if divining this, the tormentor was in an instant in the middle of the floor. But I persevered in my intention, for rage and desperation struggled with terror; and my disabled foot was half-way out of the bed, when the shadow glided to my side. I cannot describe the sickness of my soul on feeling its approach. I sunk back as helpless as a child. I shut my eyes. I knew that it was bending over me, that its face was near mine—and nearer, and nearer. Then the clothes at my neck were stirred, and then my throat was grasped by the raw damp hand that had just been dabbling in the blood of my foot. At first the pressure was not severe. I tried to count the fingers; I reflected on the pleasure a man is said to derive from being hanged—but all this was soon at an end. The grasp became tighter and tighter, till I felt that there was no hope. I recollected the fate of the gentleman who had died in this very bed. Apoplexy!—bah! He was murdered—he was strangled! The coroner was an ass; who made him a coroner! The gentleman left a family: he had not paid his debts: every thing was at sixes and sevens! But the grasp became tighter, and tighter, and tighter, and tighter. The bones of my

neck cracked. I tried to get hold of the devilish hand. I tried to shout—to scream—to groan, but all in vain; my strength was gone—my writhings at an end; I felt that in another moment I should feel no more; but before that moment came, the horrid fingers were suddenly withdrawn.

Weak, helpless, spirit-broken, bathed in perspiration, I lay for some time motionless. The shadow was gone. The design had evidently been to take my life: did my enemy suppose he had murdered me?—had he now withdrawn in imaginary triumph, and was I really safe! Or would he return to feast his eyes upon his victim, and to chuckle as he thought of the morrow's verdict of "apoplexy!" He was not at the window, or I should see him; he was not near me, or I should feel his presence. Would not this be a good opportunity to alarm the house? If I could but get at that bell! I will make the attempt, but not rashly; my motions shall be as stealthy as his own; I must have light—I must have human faces around me! And as these thoughts struggled through the dimness of my mind, I raised myself cautiously on my side, and wriggled slowly towards the edge of the bed.

In the midst of my progress, I felt my shoulder touched from behind, and I knew, by the sensation of sickness and prostration, that my enemy was near. But the touch was not to detain me—it was rather as if it said, "Go on;" and my first impulse, to make a sudden bound towards the bell, was checked. I paused in fear and perplexity, and the touch became a push, increasing in force every moment. I now held on instinctively; but the bedstead was raised up at the farther side with more than a giant's strength, and I lay upon an inclined plane, growing steeper and steeper. I was to be thrown out upon the floor, and smothered in the bed and bedding; the very pallasse would doubtless be heaped over all, and the Shape would sit upon it, like an incubus, so long as any throb of life was felt below. In vain I struggled—the bed rose higher and higher, the hand pushed harder and harder. I clung by the feet to the bedpost at the bottom, and by the arms to the bedpost at the top; I strained the sinews of my body till it resembled in rigidity a log of wood; and as I looked down upon the floor on which I was presently to be dashed, it is no wonder that my imagination was frightened from its propriety. The floor seemed to disappear, and a gulf yawned to receive me, filled with the wrecks of the past, of which I was soon to form a part. Dead bodies of kith and kind swung to and fro, and remembered scenes glanced and disappeared, and snatches of old songs floated over the abyss. I thought it would be easy to sink among such sweet sad things; but the corpse of the gentleman smiled in the midst, shouldering the others out of its way, and kicking and heaving, as if still in the agonies of strangulation. To encounter this was too horrible to be thought of; to fall on the convulsed breast, to touch with mine the blackening and distorted face, to be spurned by the spasmed feet, to be clutched by the rigid fingers! This was worse than all I had endured; but this was assuredly to be my fate, for the bed had now gained the perpendicular, and my enemy was pushing against me with a force which threatened to dislocate my shoulder. It was a miracle how I held on; but the miracle was about to cease. I felt my strained sinews soften; I felt my foot slipping; I felt my hands relaxing; and as I knew that the moment of destruction had come, the corpse of the gentleman appeared to my disordered fancy to spring up to the surface of the gulf, and open its arms to receive me. At this sight, a yell of terror burst from my lips, which seemed to startle even my enemy. He withdrew all on a sudden, and I felt the bed falling back into its original position.

I say I felt the bed falling back; but these words convey no idea of my sensations. It may have taken, for ought I know, a quarter of a minute to fall; but in that quarter of a minute were contained the sufferings of years. Oh, the sensation of falling backwards—the thrilling of the stomach, the whirling of the brain, the stopping of the heart—the hopes, the fears, the preparation for the shock—the doubt whether it would come at all, the suspicion that I was falling, falling, falling, in eternal night, in unfathomable space! But all was at length at an end. The bed met the floor with a noise which echoed like thunder throughout the house, and with a shock which seemed to dislocate every bone in my body. I heard a chimney-pot fall with a crash, and several tiles came rattling down the roof; but this was a joyful sound to me, for I knew it must waken the inmates, who would, doubtless, come to my assistance. As my terrors diminished, their place was taken by fiery wrath and indignation. I was lying on my back, trembling through very weakness, drowned in perspiration, annihilated; and my enemy was at his old post in the window, squinting horribly, and, so far as I could judge, as cool as if nothing had happened.

"Wretch!" cried I—for my yell seemed to have burst the prison-gates of my voice, and restored to me the faculty of speech—"Detestable monster! what have I done to draw upon me these atrocities! What is your errand! what is your purpose! who are you! what are you! Are you a fiend!—speak!" and I was breathless with passion.

"I am a chief of fiends," replied the goblin.

"Were you Lord-Mayor of Hell," shouted I, furiously—

"I am the NIGHT-MAYOR," interrupted he, with a

calm voice, but a truly diabolical accent; and, putting the tip of his finger on the tip of his nose, and extending the hand, he wagged his little finger at me, and disappeared.

MORAL.—Never stay a week at a friend's house in the country, unless you shoot your own game, catch your own fish, and earn your own appetite.

PAU.

THE town of Pau, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, south of France, has long been famous for the salubrity of its climate, and invalids from Britain have consequently made it a place of resort. Though not disposed to concur in the popular prejudices in favour of the south of France generally, as a station for the ailing, Sir James Clark, in his late work on climates, expresses a favourable opinion of Pau and its neighbourhood. The value of change of residence, in many cases of illness, being now universally acknowledged, we take advantage of the appearance of a new work on Pau and the Lower Pyrenees, to give our readers some information on the subject.*

The town of Pau is situated on the Gave, at no great distance from the efflux of that river into the Bay of Biscay at Bayonne, and the town lies still nearer to the frontier line dividing France and Spain. Pau contains about 14,000 inhabitants. "On the morning after our arrival (says the author of the work before us), we were surprised, on first looking out, to behold a wide, handsome square, with regular buildings on each side, noble avenues in the distance, and, as the day advanced, a tide of respectable and fashionable-looking English people, setting in towards a certain point, which looked extremely inviting. The same bright sunshine still blazed upon the scene, and there were ladies in light dresses, with their parasols, without which it is scarcely possible to look steadily at any object when the sun is shining here; while others rode forth in happy looking parties, with their hats and habits, just as in Hyde Park, only somewhat differently mounted. Nor was there wanting the usual proportion of dandies, still evidently English, notwithstanding all the pains they had taken to look French. And here, if I might presume to venture a remark upon this class of my countrymen, it would be to observe upon the futility, as well as the bad taste, of all such endeavours. The English countenance, if not good in itself, can never be made so by the garniture which the military habits of Frenchmen may have rendered more appropriate to them; and amongst the many anomalies which arrest the attention of the traveller abroad, it is by no means the least, to meet the light complexion, fair hair, rosy cheeks, and long upper lip, of a native Briton, under a disguise which only serves to render his identity more striking.

Impatient to become acquainted with a place where we expected to spend some months, I took the earliest opportunity of quitting the hotel, and following the tide I had observed, soon found myself at the entrance of a spacious and noble avenue of trees, leading to a promenade, which is justly celebrated as being one of the most beautiful in the world. It is called the Parc, and consists of a range of high ground, running from east to west, parallel with the River Gave, thickly covered with magnificent trees, chiefly beech, and laid out in walks of every variety, some straight and others serpentine, some leading along the highest ridges and commanding the most extensive view, while others wind along the foot of the eminence, beneath the shadow of the loftier trees; and others, still narrower and more intricate, are nearly lost amongst thicker foliage and closer underwood—as if to suit the different tastes and dispositions of the many strangers from distant lands, who meet here to enjoy the luxury of this delicious climate.

And a motley concourse they are: invalids of every stage, from mere delicacy down to the hopeless disease, are seen basking in the sunshine, or leaning on the arms that would be stretched forth, if it were possible, to snatch them from the grave. It is a melancholy, yet in some respects a cheering sight, to meet this class of our fellow-creatures in such a scene; melancholy, to contrast the symptoms of waning life, exhibited in the human frame, with the glow, the richness, and the exuberance of the landscape smiling around; melancholy, to see the solitary invalid pacing to and fro, as if he were endeavouring to outstrip his mortal enemy, or chasing the phantom of health, which still eludes his grasp; and melancholy, too, to see the fondly cherished females, the wives, the daughters, and the sisters, who come here, perhaps, to die. Yet, on the other hand, it is a spectacle which scarcely can be contemplated without feelings of gratitude and joy, to think that there is such an atmosphere and such a scene, accessible to so many of the inhabitants of less genial climates; and that the health and vigour, of which so many are in search, so often are restored to them beneath these sunny skies. Nor are such feelings rendered less intense, but rather deepened in their interest, by a longer acquaintance with these favourite walks; for if, on the one hand, we then behold the glow of health, the firm step, and the renovated frame, where we had been accustomed to the aspect of disease; on the other, we see the sable weeds, or the solitary mourner, left to tell that all has been in vain.

* Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees, by Mrs Ellis. Fisher, Son, and Co. London.

Amongst the many objects of novelty and interest which attract the attention of the visitor in Pau, we must not omit to mention the variety of characters and costumes by which the Parc is enlivened. Here are to be seen travellers from almost every country, but chiefly Spaniards, with their long dark cloaks, lined with red, and gracefully thrown over one shoulder, Italians, English, Scotch, and Irish, officers of different ranks, soldiers, Bearnais peasants, monks, and nurse-maids, with here and there a nondescript, to whom it is impossible to assign 'a local habitation and a name.' Amongst this class we were at first inclined to place a very singular-looking old gentleman, who, we afterwards learned, was a Spanish bishop, compelled, from the nature of his political sentiments, to escape to the north of the Pyrenees. This individual, who certainly had something majestic in his deportment, wore a pea-green hat, with low crown, and brim of enormous magnitude curled up on both sides, so that its real circumference could only be known by a profile view, while his figure was enveloped in a rich purple cloak, lined also with pea-green."

The great range of the Pyrenees, rising to a height of from seven to eleven thousand feet, and visible at about the distance of thirty miles to the south, seems to afford a shelter of the most perfect kind, with the aid of the intermediate vine-covered heights, to the town and district of Pau. The air there is peculiarly calm, allowing the gentle murmurs of the Gave to sound ever in the ears of the residents, lulling their senses to repose. In general, not a leaf is seen to move; winds are things almost unknown around Pau. "There appears, at first, a sort of mystery in this universal stillness. It seems like a pause in the breath of nature, a suspension of the general throb of life, and we almost feel as if it must be followed by that shout of joy, which the language of poetry has so often described as the grateful response of nature for the blessings of light and life. And never, surely, could this response be offered more appropriately than from such a scene as this rich and fertile land presents." Though the air is calm, however, Sir James Clark tells us that the atmosphere is subject to considerable changes, from warmth to cold and from dryness to moisture.

The perpetual snows, visible on the summits of the Pyrenees, render the scene peculiarly attractive to visitors, forming, as it does, so strange and striking a contrast to the almost tropical character of the banks of the Gave and its tributaries. The two most prominent mountains within sight of Pau, are the Pic du Midi of Bigorre, which rises to an altitude of nine thousand seven hundred feet, and the Pic du Midi of Pau, of slightly inferior magnitude. Visitors frequently ascend these heights, and not only enjoy the pleasure of beholding prospects of unparalleled grandeur and beauty, but obtain also all the advantages of exercise, accompanied with the means of varying at will the temperature of the air, to suit their condition and peculiar complaints.

While thus delightfully circumstanced as regards scenery and natural advantages, Pau, it must be confessed, does not appear in other respects to possess those characteristic features of comfort, which a visitor from Britain usually looks for in any place of residence chosen by him. In the first place, lodgings and attendance are somewhat high in price. "The month in which strangers settle for the winter in Pau, is September. About this time the price asked for lodgings is very high. A few months later they are much more reasonable, and towards the spring may be had for still less. It is not easy to give a very exact idea of this portion of the expense of a winter in Pau, because the price of lodging depends here, as in every other place, upon the situation, point of view, as well as upon many other points of taste and fancy. Good accommodations for a family of four or five persons, may be found at the rate of 100 or 120 francs per month. For handsome furniture, elegant salons, carpets, and first-rate situation, it will be necessary to pay four times that sum."

It does not appear to be the custom with French families residing here, ever to take individuals to share at the same table, or, in other words, to board with them; nor, indeed, would such a plan be very congenial to English habits. It is consequently necessary to hire your own servants, and these may be had at the following rate:—A good cook at from twenty to twenty-five francs per month; a *femme de chambre* at from ten to fifteen. Of the former, it is said that they are all cheats. I am unable to add my testimony to this sweeping statement, having found much kindness, and a fair average of honesty, amongst the French servants."

The houses, again, are not in the condition in which an Englishman loves to see them. As in most of the old French towns, the families of Pau live in *flats*, with an entrance common to all the residents of each building. These entrances are usually very filthy, the stairs being seldom or never washed. In the internal apartments of each flat, matters are somewhat amended. It is true, that neither sitting-rooms nor bedrooms contain any carpets, the floors being merely stained and coated with wax, which is brushed till it becomes of a bright brown, but at no time undergoes a washing. Much neatness, however, is apparent in the arrangement of the rooms in other respects. "No sooner is the door of a salon or bedroom thrown open, than you see the walls adorned with beautiful paper, handsome slabs and fireplaces of marble, elegant timepieces and other fancy ornaments, with looking-glasses

in gilt frames, in great variety and number. In addition to which, the window-curtains are almost invariably arranged with taste; and over the beds, which are covered with silk or curiously knitted counterpanes, hang rich canopies, chiefly of crimson, composed of festoons and fringes, as handsome as they are often inappropriate."

As regards the article of food, the author found a good deal to complain of. In some instances, as in the case of tea, the article in request was not to be had, or of a very inferior quality; and our traveller therefore recommends that such little accessories to comfort should be always brought with the visitor to Pau. In the case of other necessities, the prices were by no means so low as people usually imagine them to be in France. From the universal impression that the wealth and gullibility of an Englishman are alike boundless, much more than the fair price is ordinarily demanded from such strangers.

If not disposed to take the trouble of housekeeping upon himself, the stranger may be furnished with the chief part of his meals, well and cheaply, from hotels. On the whole, it would appear that any great saving which can be effected by strangers living in France, must be effected by their accommodating themselves to the mode of life of the natives. If a stranger seeks all the comforts of English life, his economisation will be very immaterial. Otherwise, we repeat, he may certainly live cheaply. French gentlemen make a good figure in society upon a much smaller revenue than suffices for the purpose in Britain. "In the smaller towns of the department of the Lower Pyrenees, there are many proprietors who live in a style of gentility upon 2000 or 3000 francs (L80 to L120) per annum; fowls, eggs, bread, and vegetables, forming almost the only provision of country residents. In the town of Argelès, consisting of 2000 inhabitants, one calf and one sheep were weekly sacrificed to the appetites of the whole town, two English families consuming at least a fourth part of this provision." No doubt, these English families would be greatly disappointed at their inability to economise. The reason has been explained.

We sincerely commend the very useful volume from which these extracts have been made to the notice of all who seek information relative to the south of France. Besides the ample account of Pau, Eaux Bonnes, Argelès, Bagneres de Bigorre, and other places of note, are described by our traveller. In conclusion, we extract a description of the peasantry to be seen upon the streets of Pau on a market-day. Mounted on one of the gaunt-looking horses of the country, "with its tail tied up in knots, and pointing straight out behind, the reader must imagine one of the peasants of Bearn, riding to market, with a high saddle such as they always use, an immensity of trapping about his horse's head, a rusty curb to his bridle, sometimes huge wooden stirrups, made in the form of half a shoe, and such a load of bags and property of various descriptions strapped on before and behind him, that the rider forms but a small part of the whole set-out. He himself has a flat brown woolen cap, and a cloak of the same material, wide enough at the bottom to cover his own legs, and then extend backwards over the tail of the horse, so as to make them look like one animal. The most curious part of the cloak, however, is the hood, which in bad weather he draws over his head, when the breadth which the cap gives it, the flat top, and the long point extending out behind, in the form of a funnel, render the outline of his person very extraordinary.

In addition to this figure, the attention of the stranger is attracted by an object still more remarkable—the female peasant who pursues her way to market seated in the same style. The first I saw of this description was a large, stout, respectable-looking woman, with a neat frilled cap and lace collar, while the lower extremity of her person displayed a pair of plaid trousers and spurs. It is, however, much more common to see the country-women with the long white or red capulet or hood upon their heads, and all have wide blue aprons, which make a kind of riding-skirt. Nor is the pace at which they ride less strange to us than their appearance. It is invariably a long trot, probably more easy than it looks, as neither men nor women ever rise in their stirrups, but keep their seats with great dignity, particularly the latter.

And well may they assume an aspect of dignity, if general usefulness can entitle them to do so; for in this part of France it is the women who do all the work. Even on their way to market, we see them carrying on their heads the heaviest burdens; and it is said they can carry as much as 150 lbs.; while the men go swaggering along with nothing but a stick. It would be an easier task to enumerate the kinds of labour in which women are not employed, than those in which they are. In the country they are to be seen every day at this season of the year, ploughing and harrowing, and spreading or carting manure; at other seasons, mowing, reaping, and carrying the hay home on their heads, while in the market we find them selling their corn and every other produce of their farms. In the towns, besides being employed in sweeping the streets and cleaning the lamps, they act as labourers to the paviors, bricklayers, and stone-masons; and carry on the work of glaziers, and almost every other duty, both indoors and out, except that of serving as soldiers.

It may readily be supposed that the women suffer much in their appearance from such habits of hard

labour and constant exposure to the weather. The consequence is, they look old before middle life, and in real old age, the loss of their teeth, their naturally hard features, and complexions, dry, leathern, and all over wrinkles, combine to render them hideous in the extreme. Still they seem to enjoy life, especially as they go home from market, munching their dry bread or roasted chestnuts along the road, and chatting in noisy groups about the business of the day. Yet I must confess, when I have seen one of these old women riding like a man, at a hard launching trot, I have needed to place her in a comfortable arm-chair by the fireside of an English cottage, to put a neat cap upon her head, and a Bible in her hand, and so leave her to pass the remainder of her days in peace.

These defects, however, offend but little in the countenance of youth, and the children of Pau, but particularly the young girls just growing into women, are certainly amongst the prettiest I have ever seen. Much of the charm of their appearance is no doubt attributable to the neatness and appropriateness of the dress worn by the poorer classes, above all, to that which adorns the head, and which always consists of a coloured handkerchief, more or less tastefully arranged. The eye is never shocked here, as in England, by the slovenly cap, the shabby bonnet, or the mock finery, which too frequently disfigures this class of women in our native land. Whether the Bearnaise women are engaged in house or field-labour, their dresses are always appropriate, and their colours, which are much more striking and brilliant than ours, almost invariably well chosen.

Of these colours, the most tasteful are generally displayed in the handkerchief which forms the head-dress. It is of a manufacture peculiar to the country, which neither fades nor crumples. The middle is usually of a drab, fawn, or brown colour, with a broad border suited to it. It is adjusted so as to give a Grecian contour to the head and face; and I suspect, notwithstanding its appearance of artless simplicity, that there are degrees of coquetry by which it is arranged, so as best to suit the countenance of the wearer. Beneath this handkerchief we see soft bands of dark hair carefully parted on the forehead, and placed against the cheek, so as to contrast in the best manner with a complexion at once glowing and delicate, healthy and pure. Add to this, the neatest little collar round the neck, the universal shawl pinned down in front, over which the hands, in curiously coloured mittens, are closely folded, and you see ninety-nine out of a hundred of the young women in this part of France.

With many toils and privations to encounter, the Pyrenean peasantry are nevertheless a happy race. By the merciful arrangement of Providence, the same mercurial features of character which have produced so much evil, form also an important and continual source of good to the people of France.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

IN the library of a country-house in Ireland sat two gentlemen busily occupied in tracing some boundaries upon a map. One of those individuals was Sir Thomas Longfield, the hereditary owner of one large estate, and the recent purchaser of another, in the county of which his well-timbered park constituted a portion; the other was Mr Bradshaw, his agent. An account-book and rent-roll, with leases and other documents of the same kind, lay upon a table before them.

"It is quite plain," observed Sir Thomas, "that there must be a new division of these farms, for they are so dovetailed into each other, that otherwise it is impossible to regulate them. Here you see—pointing to a particular part—Dick Batterton has an acre in the very middle of Tom Quinlan's lot, besides an acre and a half in John Grady's division, which is nearly two miles from John's own door. Now, there must be a great deal of time lost by Batterton in going from one allotment to another, besides the waste of land to form a lane through the lots held by those other men, and probable squabbling about the right of passage."

"Exactly so," said Mr Bradshaw; "it would therefore be very desirable on all accounts, and a mutual advantage to those tenants, to have the farms squared and their lots consolidated; but I know they will grumble at any changes that may be made."

"Why?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Because," continued the agent, "I have heard that Batterton bought the goodwill of one of those fields at three times its real value from an unfortunate drunkard, who has since gone away, and he probably values it more than any other bit of land on the estate; and, besides this, he has an old grudge against Tom Quinlan, and would be very unwilling to have him accommodated by any exchange whatever."

"Well," said Sir Thomas, "this is a curious matter. Here are men, without the right of doing so, selling and buying the land which they held at will, and yet foolish enough to suppose that I shall not dispose of it as I please. My dear sir, this must not be."

After a few more remarks of a similar nature, as the various cases of his new tenants came before him, Sir Thomas said, "Here are two persons, Mr Bradshaw, about whom I am particularly anxious for your opinion. They have both applied for a renewal of their leases; but I find them so deeply in arrear, that I much doubt

whether it would be advantageous to them or to me to assent. Their names," continued he, looking at his note-book, "are John Mullins of Knockcommon, and Frank Kennedy of Drumnag. Mullins, I find, has a large farm, for which he is now in arrear four years; I should like much to know what kind of person you consider him to be."

Mr Bradshaw's first reply to this address was one of very ominous meaning—a gentle scratching of the region behind his left ear, accompanied by a dubious sort of smile, in which some odd recollections seemed to struggle with an expression of hopeless pity.

"He is a squireen," said Mr Bradshaw.

"A great deal in that word," said Sir Thomas, as he threw himself back in his chair; "too high in his own opinion for one class, and scarcely touching the skirts of that above him—a sort of transition state, neither grub nor butterfly."

"Exactly so, Sir Thomas: he found the farm of Knockcommon, I should say, the best circumstanced for its size on your estate—a comfortable slated house, offices in good repair, every thing, in short, that a substantial farmer could desire. But Mullins—poor Jack!—must needs be a gentleman. So his first care was to provide himself with a suitable wife, in the person of the gauger's daughter, who was reckoned very accomplished, as she had been in the seminary conducted by the apothecary's wife of Ballymadrugit, where she learned the easy part of *Di tanti palpiti*, and, in short, to become too fine for any thing useful. This was his start in life; from which you may easily guess his progress. They have a family now of three or four daughters, I forget which—showy-looking girls, with all their mother's pride and their father's indolence; and what with courting, shooting, or hunting by day, and tea-parties and quadrilles at night, the farm has been neglected, and the house is falling to decay. Poor Jack, however, never desponds—never for a moment doubts but that he will, by some contrivance or other, extricate himself from all his difficulties; but, somehow, his contrivances always fail just as he was sure of their succeeding. This is John Mullins, Esq. of Knockcommon."

"Well," said Sir Thomas, "now for the other. He moves in a different grade; his farm, I perceive, is only seventeen acres."

"Of Frank Kennedy, I fear I cannot say much that is good," replied the agent. "If Mullins is the sunshine of indiscretion, Frank is the shade; he once, indeed, promised very differently, but since his affairs have become involved, he has altered sadly for the worse. He neglects everything; has become, I hear, very unkind to his family; his very countenance shows the sullen gloom which has possessed his mind; and I am afraid he has latterly taken up with associates from whom it is not easy to escape without crime. I felt myself bound," continued Mr Bradshaw, "to put you in possession, fully and faithfully, of the characters of these men; but I should act unjustly by them if I did not, at the same time, observe, that before this estate fell into your hands, it was extremely hard for any tenant to do any thing for the improvement of his land, or even to keep it clear from arrears. You will, I trust, excuse me for suggesting that, under a milder and more judicious treatment, they might yet be no discredit to your estate."

Sir Thomas's eyes brightened with kindness and benevolence, as he thanked his agent for his honest and faithful counsel, and assured him that he should ever find him ready to co-operate in any measures calculated to improve the condition of all whom Providence had placed within his influence. "A landlord," he said, "to discharge his duty sufficiently, must have a knowledge of human nature as well as of the soil and its capabilities: we know how to adapt various stimulants, or nutriment, as the variety of soils requires—we can convert what seemed a hopeless swamp into a firm and healthful pasture—why should we think the human mind less worthy of study, or less capable of being acted on by suitable motives and influences? For this most difficult branch of culture, I have been accustomed to consult the highest authority." He said this smilingly, and placed his hand on a large square volume that lay by him. "You remember, Mr Bradshaw, the parable of the fig-tree—by the way, is not the analogy between mental and physical cultivation pointed out there!—can we act more wisely than to apply the principles by which the great Lord of all governs us, to those whom he has placed under our immediate care? It will make you happy, I am sure, Mr Bradshaw, to be the bearer of the message which I now empower you to deliver from me to these persons. You will tell them that all arrears, prior to my occupancy, are forgiven freely and fully; but that I will not re-lease their lands until the expiration of a year shall prove whether they are worthy to be continued on my estate."

"I cannot express," said Mr Bradshaw, rising, "how proud and delighted I am to act under a gentleman whose directions so completely correspond with my own wishes. Whatever the result may be, your conscience, sir, will be clear."

"And yet," said Sir Thomas, "I dare say you will see me written down one of these days as an extortionator; but I can be as firm as it is my desire to be merciful, and I would wish you to impress upon these persons that, after giving them a fair trial for a year, they need not expect any further leniency from me: this is all I have to say." Mr Bradshaw bowed and took his leave.

Although the day was now far advanced, he would not return to his family till he had communicated the unexpected good news to the persons so deeply interested in them. It was rather a new thing to him to have such messages to deliver; and, being a thoroughly good-natured man, he felt the pleasure proportionably. Well acquainted with the country, he struck off from the leading road, and, finding his way through lanes and gaps, with an occasional leap, he descended a pretty little wooded valley, threaded by a brook such as anglers and sketchers love. His ascent on the opposite side was a work of some difficulty, as what had once been a path had become broken and entangled from neglect. Arrived at the top, a sudden turn placed him full in view of Knockcommon farm; and, on the instant, dogs of all sorts were in motion, barking most furiously—conspicuous among the rest a huge mastiff, plunging fiercely as if ready to fly at his horse's throat. He passed through the yard which lay in front of the dwelling: a row of ruinous offices at one side, and a broken wall at the other; dung, straw, and broken carts to match. It was not till after repeated knocks that he at length gained admittance, although the door which he observed slyly closing as he advanced, intimated that some one was not far distant.

The master, he was told, was out, but that the mistress would soon be down; so Mr Bradshaw had full liberty to survey the parlour—a cold damp room, with a boarded floor well carpeted with dirt. The various ornaments of this apartment displayed the different tastes and accomplishments of the family. Over the cheerless fireplace, for instance, hung a dingy coloured print—a race-horse in body-clothes, led by a groom, regularly mounted, booted, and capped, looking back with a very pale face on the winner of the Great St Leger. It was easy to see that the proprietor was a man of spirit and a sporting character. On either side were stuck two flaming prints, taken from some magazine of fashions: who would not know there were young ladies in the house, with sandalled shoes, and heads well cultivated outside! Upon the mantelpiece stood a Lilliputian Napoleon, three inches high, made appropriately enough of plaster of Paris. He stood with folded arms, frowning upon a wreck of china ornaments, and dingy-looking pasteboard card-racks rapidly falling to pieces. Upon the wall, at different places, hung two old fiddles, like two gigantic beetles asleep. Then there was a piano, open too, with a row of keys as yellow and uneven as those captivating teeth vulgarly called snags. A well-thumbed music-book displayed *Di tanti palpiti*, with many a pencil-mark of mysterious signification. While these objects supplied Mr Bradshaw with bitter if not sweet fancies, the bustle above stairs gradually subsided, and the mistress of the mansion entered, superb with flaming ribbons streaming from her stately cap. She had the remains of a kind of coarse beauty, which would have been more apparent if her face had been like "morning roses newly washed in dew." After the usual salutations, inquiries for Mrs Bradshaw and the young ladies, remarks upon the weather, and so forth, the conversation jolted on heavily enough; except for a sly remark or two of Mrs Mullins about pride, good families, &c. &c., intended as a gentle caustic to the conscience of Mr Bradshaw for not permitting greater familiarity between his young people and the Misses Mullins, the slow ticking of a clock in the room filling up "each dreary pause between," till at last Mr Mullins himself made his appearance, in sportsman's trim, but with the air rather of the sportsman's dog when he comes to his master's feet, not quite sure whether he is about to receive correction, but betraying through his ill-affected ease a consciousness that he deserves it.

"Well, Mr Mullins, I find that you have applied for a renewal of your lease."

"We are sure we will have your good word, at all events," interposed Mrs Mullins, colouring, however, as she spoke.

"Yes, Mr Bradshaw, I have applied, but have not yet received an answer; of course, however, there is no doubt about it."

"Are you so sure?" said Mr Bradshaw, gravely.

"You know, John, you are in heavy arrears."

Mrs Mullins twice cleared her throat, and then gave Mr Bradshaw to understand that she and her worthy husband had made up their minds that Sir Thomas never would, indeed never could, make so unreasonable a demand on such improving tenants.

"But are you aware, Mrs Mullins, that in the purchase of this estate Sir Thomas has himself been heavily charged for these very arrears?"

"Oh, I don't know as to that," she answered, tartly;

"how can we be surprised to hear of Rockites and Whiteboys, and such like, if landlords will not let people live?"

"At all events," said John Mullins, "the arrears will be a very light matter with me—nothing, nothing at all; quite light when once I set myself to pay them."

"Indeed, then, John, you had better set about it immediately," interrupted the agent, much disappointed to find his employer's liberality would be so little appreciated.

"There is no difficulty—there can be no difficulty about it. I'll tell you how I'll settle the matter in a moment. You're a good judge of a horse, Mr Bradshaw—what do you think of Grey Badger?—and what do you think will be worth to me the day after the steep-chase which is to come off at Tumble-down

Common the 24th of this month! No difficulty—no difficulty at all!" striding up and down the room in exultation at this brilliant fancy conjured up by his imagination.

"Well, John," said Mr Bradshaw, "to cut matters short, I may as well tell you at once you will find your present landlord a very different person from the last; one who will discharge his duty to himself and to his tenants. He will clear off from his estate all who but cumber the ground which is equally their duty and their interest to improve." Here John stopped short, and gazed with a sort of stupid amazement on the man of business, while he proceeded—"He is at the same time unwilling to injure any one, and would rather himself submit to great loss than turn off a tenant while there exists a chance of his being reclaimed. He has empowered me to inform you that he freely forgives you all arrears, will lower your rent to a fair and moderate valuation, but will not renew your lease until, after a year's trial, you have shown yourself worthy of such a favour; and I trust, John, and I trust, Mrs Mullins, you both feel how deeply you are bound by every consideration—by gratitude, by hope, and by fear, to give your generous landlord the fruits of his undeserved lenity and kindness."

"Well, that is very handsome of Sir Thomas," replied John; "very handsome, certainly. Yes, Sir Thomas is a gentleman, though I have no doubt that I could have paid him all."

"I knew," added his worthy partner, "that he never would look for those old arrears; it would have been very odd if he had done so; but won't you stay, Mr Bradshaw," for she saw him rising, "and take a glass of something comfortable this cold evening?"

"I cannot stop—I have another message to deliver before I return home, and it grows late. John, I sincerely wish you joy that you have found such a landlord; nothing but inveterate carelessness can now prevent your being a happy and a prosperous man; but remember, if you would give a good account of the year, you must not let the days slip through your fingers. Good-bye."

It was so late when Mr Bradshaw left Knockcommon, that, before he could reach Drumnag, the evening had already begun to deepen into twilight, and the dreary desolation of a rack-rent estate to look still more cheerless and comfortless in the gathering gloom. How little does the traveller think, as he rolls along the splendid roads which are found in the wildest parts of Ireland, and one after another the wretched hovels which stud their sides pass before him—how little does he think of the various groups of human beings enclosed within their dark and silent walls, yet each containing its own little history of sorrow or of joy! Among them all, there was none whose sad outward appearance more truly indicated what passed within than the ruinous cabin of Frank Kennedy, into which I am now about to introduce my reader. In one corner, at the kitchen fire, sat an old woman, bending over her pipe, buried in smoke and in her own cogitations, the mother of Kennedy. His wife sat opposite, equally silent, one young child laid asleep on her bosom, another sleeping on a little pallet in the corner.

The uncertainty they were in concerning their little holding was sufficient to make them both anxious; but there were other sources of grief, nearer the heart of the young woman, which gave her pale countenance a sad expression, that no loss of lands or house could ever have produced.

After turning her eyes repeatedly to the door and then on the old woman, she at length said, "Dear mother, what can keep Frank out so late this weary evening?" "Oh, nothing good! nothing good!" groaned the old woman. "And what will it be when the bailiffs come and drive us all away?" "I don't know, mother, but it might be better to know the worst than to be as we now are—dear Frank might then set his mind to something else; but when I think what will become of you, without a roof and a fireside in your old days, it makes my very heart sore." "Do not waste your griefs for me, child; I shall soon have a roof and a bed too, which will last me long enough, and which no landlord will disturb. But you, my poor child, so young, so fair, whom I received with such pride, like an angel come to our fireside—it was an ill day for you when you left your father's warm cottage and took Frank Kennedy for better for worse; but he has changed to you since then."

"He has not changed to me, mother; and if I am changed to him, how can I blame him, since sorrow and misfortune have so changed him to himself? Oh! if I thought that to lose these lands would take the weight from his heart and take him from those bad men who are trying to lead my poor Frank into the ways of evil, Heaven knows if I would not beg with him from door to door, endure every bad name the rich and proud would heap upon me, without a home but the ditch-side, if only Frank would be what he used to be, and would love me as on that day when you called me daughter! It is a good thing to have a house and these comforts—looking around at the miserable equipments of her cabin—"but what are they all beside a husband's love? It is meat, drink, and clothing to the heart." Here she stopped, for the latch of the door was raised, and as it opened she turned away her eyes upon the ground, afraid to meet her husband's gaze. Frank Kennedy silently advanced and took his usual seat at the fire, resting his arm on the little table that had been prepared for their supper; and no one broke the pause. At length the young woman, with a trembling, fearful heart, raised her glances from her husband's feet, and stole a look at his countenance. She hardly thought that what she saw was true. His eyes were fastened on her, beaming with the warmest affection—his features, his whole expression actually shining with delight. Hardly knowing what to think, his young wife drew her seat beside him, and

placed her hand in his: it was not repulsed; he drew it to his lips, and, gazing at her a moment, caught her to his arms. "Mother," he said, "and best of wives, I have been lost to you—I have been lost to myself—I have been lost to God; but all my fears are taken away, my heart is at peace, and I am come back to you, your own Frank Kennedy, once more."

When the first emotions on all sides had subsided, Frank told them more calmly of his meeting with Mr Bradshaw, and the result—so unexpected by him, but which his readers doubtless have anticipated. Perhaps it would not have been easy to point out on earth a scene of more pure, deep, and heartfelt joy, than cheered the little cottage that evening: every thing seemed to brighten with the good news; the turf-fire danced up the chimney, and the snow-white dresser, and its well-cleaned furniture, smiled back again. With what a cheerful step—with what attention to his comfort—his wife made ready and spread before him their simple evening meal. Frank rose, the expression of his countenance changed to a deep and solemn reverence, as he said, "Let us not, darlings, taste these gifts of Providence, which we can once more call our own, without thanking Him who looked upon us in our distress, and sent our landlord from his own country to rule over us. But this morning I rose a beggar—a thankless, hardened wretch—for oh! despair made me so. How could I ever expect to pay off so deep a debt, and what right had I to expect forgiveness? what had I done to deserve it? And when I had nothing to hope for, I neither cared, nor feared, nor loved—every thing good seemed dead within me; but kindness has conquered. It is all past like a frost; and to feel that I can love once more, that I can return gratitude, and know the heart of a man, is more to me than all that I have gained beside."

So saying, the poor man, with streaming eyes, knelt down, his wife and mother at either side; and if ever there was an humble, contrite, grateful prayer, it was that of Frank Kennedy on that happy night.

It was early the next morning when Kennedy awoke, for his excitement had been too great to admit of much refreshing sleep, and the indolent habits in which he had lately indulged would have persuaded him to make this a holiday. He remembered, however, Mr Bradshaw's parting counsel—the very same that he had given to Mullins—and determined at once to make a beginning. His faithful partner still lay slumbering beside him. "Poor thing," he said, "I have given you many a weary, waking hour, it is my turn to watch now." He arose softly, and having prepared himself for his work, went out into the fresh morning air; but when he considered what task he should first begin, his courage almost failed; every thing was in such neglect and ruin. He sat down, and looked half-stupid around; but then he thought—"Let me, at all events, do my best. Have I not good ground to hope that the same landlord who so generously forgave all my debt, will not expect more from me than I can perform, and will make every allowance? Surely I wrong him to be thus distrustful." And so rising, with a cheerful countenance, he set about removing a huge collection of filth that had accumulated at his door. Once more at his employment, the healthful medicine of a cheerful mind soon braced his nerves. And when, at the usual hour, he returned to his cottage, intending to awaken his Ellen with a kiss, what was his surprise and delight to see already his little dwelling arranged with all the neatness of which it was susceptible, clean and orderly—his eldest little girl running forward to meet him, as her mother entered from the inner room, her infant in her arms.

About the same time that Frank and his little family were enjoying their simple meal, Mr Bradshaw, a man of early and business-like habits, was also seated at his breakfast-table. His son, just returned from a distant farm, was giving an account of his mission, and mentioned his surprise, on passing Drumnag, to have seen Frank Kennedy so hard at work.

"Do you tell me so?" said the worthy agent. "Frank Kennedy! whom I thought almost past recovery. But Sir Thomas has tapped the spring that soured his whole mind. I am glad, for Frank's sake. I am delighted that Sir Thomas has such a reward. When a landlord desires to do good, and knows how to do it, what a blessing he is to the country! I sincerely hope poor John Mullins will show such fruits of his landlord's benevolence."

He had scarcely spoken, when the eyes of the family were attracted by a horseman slowly proceeding down the avenue, mounted on a gaunt grey steed, cased in body-clothes. The rider was a loose lubberly-looking clown, with a pair of old drab gaiters wrinkled half-way down his legs, and the topmost button ingeniously twisted to the opposite side from where nature or the tailor had designed; a large flat basket was under his arm.

In due time, a note was handed in to Mr Bradshaw, not of the most elegant paper, and sealed with a thimble. It ran thus, scratched along in a country school-house fashion:—

"Mr and Mrs John Mullins request to have the pleasure to see Mr and Mrs Bradshaw on to-morrow, to meet a few friends to dinner—quite in a small way. There will be quadrilles and a fiddler in the evening, to which the Misses Mullins hope to see the Misses Bradshaw, and young Mr B. particularly. We all think him such a nice young man."

P.S.—Dinner to be on the table at the hour of a quarter to six.

P.S.—Would be obliged to Mr Bradshaw for his coffee-china and silver-spoons, if convenient.

Knockcommon Lodge."

With a look in which vexation and drollery were mingled, Mr Bradshaw handed this elegant epistle to his lady. "What in the world shall we do Edward, dear?" she exclaimed; "you know these Mullinses are such very touchy people." But Mr Bradshaw was a plain downright man, of a strong decided mind; and calling for his desk, he dispatched immediately the following answer:—

"DEAR MULLINS—I should be happy, under other circumstances, to partake of your hospitality; but after our conversation yesterday, I do not think I should act consistently, to encourage you in what I cannot but believe a course that will end in ruin. Take my advice, John; reef your sails till you have a little more ballast; and when your lease is signed, no one will be more happy to give it all due honour, than yours, faithfully,

EDWARD BRADSHAW."

This was the answer Mr Bradshaw dispatched; but how it was received by Mr Mullins, how received by Mrs Mullins, how received by the Misses Mullins, and by Miss Mullins particularly, must be left to your imagination, gentle reader. Also the hilarious merry-making, which shook the dust of Knockcommon parlour the night following, must be passed over in silence; for my object is rather "to point a moral" than "adorn a tale," and not to carry out the story farther than is necessary to exhibit the different effects which the same treatment of a kind landlord produced on different characters; showing that in our efforts to do good, we should neither despair nor be too sanguine, but consider that we are well rewarded by moderate success.

We must not omit, however, for the satisfaction of those whose interest may have been excited, the fate of the farmers' steeple-chase, so far as regarded Grey Badger, and his owner and rider on that eventful day. Nothing could have promised more favourably than did he, the said owner, or looked brighter in his pink and sky-blue jacket! But, alas! the glory of his pink and blue was dimmed in mud at the third leap. Grey Badger broke down, disgraced himself, and never held up his head after that day; indeed, he swallowed in physis and attendance more than the sweepstakes twice told. Well had it been for John Mullins if this stumble in his fortunes had warned him to dismount from his hunting-saddle and turn Grey Badger to the plough; but the same careless confidence which his landlord's generosity produced in him at first, continued to the end. On the other hand, Frank Kennedy, by quiet perseverance in his first resolve, found difficulties disappear; while well-managed fields and clean healthful crops gave a sure earnest of a secure tenure of the land.

Not that I would have you suppose his mind always preserved the tone of the first evening; such bursts of sunshine are rare in a man's life; but still to have felt them is useful. As Frank often experienced, when evil habits and moments of weariness or ill-temper returned upon him, the remembrance of that happy night, and the shame of disappointing his landlord's just expectations, never failed to drive away the shadows and restore him to himself. But, whether sleeping or waking, idle or active, wise or foolish, days, weeks, and months succeed each other equally—pass away, and bring us speedily to the hour we dread or desire.

John Mullins was seated at his table, doing the honours to a jovial party, when a note was placed in his hand, which he thrust into his waistcoat-pocket, and mixed a fresh tumbler. It was a summons to come in with his rent the Monday following. Kennedy received his summons for the same day. But all was ready with Frank. On the morning, his wife drew from his chest a new suit of clothes, treasured up for the occasion, and placed at his side his best shirt, as white and neat as her skill could make it; and thought he never looked so handsome or so loving as when he gave her his parting kiss.

Arrived at the stately mansion of Sir Thomas Longfield, he was directed to a large apartment filled with friends and neighbours, on the same errand with himself; shortly after, John Mullins entered, in a green frock, boots, and whip; his looks were miserably haggard and anxious, with the attempt to exhibit an easiness of demeanour, and to preserve a superiority of manner and breeding above the vulgar herd. He was particularly condescending, however, to the more wealthy tenants; as they entered, he accosted them with the most gracious smiles, and generally succeeded in drawing them over to a recess in the window, where he engaged them in close and confidential communication. Sometimes even, in his earnestness, he pulled them towards him by the button-hole. One after another, however, they left him in a minority, when he stood apart, in a state of gentlemanlike abstraction, till some other dear friend attracted his uneasy eye. At last the creak of steps was heard, the door opened, and a servant in full livery summoned John Mullins and Frank Kennedy to the agent's apartment. Mullins started forward as if all readiness, passed his hand through his locks, and smiled—as a man might smile in sea-sickness—on the group he was leaving behind. Kennedy followed.

Nothing could be more elegant than the confidential bow wherewith Mullins greeted his landlord, who was seated at the fire, a newspaper in his hand—Mr Bradshaw placed at the table, piled with notes and sovereigns, dispersed over its green surface like clusters of primroses. "Frank Kennedy," said the agent. Frank stepped forward. "All right?"

Frank drew his notes from one waistcoat-pocket, three or four sovereigns from the other, the odd shillings from the right pocket of his nether garment, and the odd pence from the left, and laid the whole rent on the table to the last penny. The kind agent smiled cordially as he handed Kennedy his receipt, and announced to Sir Thomas that his rent was fully paid. Sir Thomas raised his eyes, and looked at him with benevolence, while he said—"Very well. Kennedy, I shall have something to say to you; sit there."

"Now, Mr Mullins," said Mr Bradshaw, "we are ready for you."

Mullins stepped forward, smiling and bowing, though the sight almost left his eyes, and bent his head close to the agent. "Most unfortunately, I do not happen to have the money just now," he muttered; "but it is all as sure; there can be no possible disappointment; and I am certain you will just advance me for a few days the ready money; you may not perhaps have a cheque about you, so I have brought one ready filled. You have only to sign your name; here, my dear sir, is the pen."

This handsome proposal met, however, with a flat refusal on the part of Mr Bradshaw; for he was a blunt kind of man. Upon which Mullins's voice lowered, while it became more important; and the words—"strongest security, dear sir—bill at six months—Grey Badger—splendid action—cheap at L30—sufficiently indicated the nature and course of the conversation. This parley was continuing with unabated, indeed with increasing vigour on the part of the assailant, and a determined "no surrender" on the side of the besieged, when Sir Thomas peremptorily demanded—"Has that gentleman paid his rent?"

"I am sorry to say, Sir Thomas, he has not."

"Very well," said Sir Thomas, as, rising and going to his desk, he took out a lease. "Here," said he, "Frank Kennedy, your year of trial is past; and it will be a satisfaction to me while I live, that my treatment of you has been the means of restoring an honest man to himself, his family, and to society. Here, Kennedy, is your lease. I have added three acres, called the Well Park, which I understand will square your farm; and as I think you want a new house too, go to Mr Coulter, the steward, who has instructions from me on the subject."

"As for you, sir," turning to Mullins, "though your trial has ended so differently, I do not regret the sacrifice I have made. My conscience is clear from your ruin. Not a word, sir. It is too late now. Were I even inclined to forgive, the welfare of my tenants, involved with mine, requires that my word should be made good. And since you would not allow me to make your example a stimulant to industry, it may be serviceable as a warning to profligate sloth and worthlessness. Your rent is forgiven you. You are at liberty to make what profit you can of the stock; but your name is no longer on my rent-roll," dashing his pen across it. "And, Mr Bradshaw, you will look out for some deserving tenant, who will not 'cumber the ground.'"

EMPLOYMENTS FOR UNMARRIED FEMALES OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

To say that there is, in this country, a great number of unmarried females of the middle classes, who, for the sake of an independent existence, desire and need employment, but, from the limited range of duties intrusted to females amongst us, cannot obtain it, is but to remind the public of a fact which it feels to be too true—and one, we may add, which has been already adverted to in these pages. Years pass on, and census after census shows a larger and a larger disproportion of females (a consequence of the decrement of life being less amongst them, and of the vast draughts of young men sent to the colonies and on foreign service); yet no relaxation takes place in that rigid code of laws, which imposes loss of station upon all who take employment in any other line than that of private teaching. This, we are willing to believe, arises expressly from the strong sense which is entertained in this country of the value of feminine delicacy. An employment, in itself of a servile nature, or which, not being so, brings a female into contact with the world, is felt to abstract so much from the charm of delicacy, that she who adopts it is held from that moment as no longer "a lady," but a member of an inferior caste. We candidly own that we are not disposed to attempt arguing down the feelings upon which this decree of society is based: we would rather endeavour to discover possibilities of employing "ladies" otherwise than in private teaching—a walk infinitely overcrowded—and yet consistent with the delicacy which, according to present ideas, cannot be abandoned without a forfeiture of social position.

There are many departments of the arts for which women are fitted. The female intellect comprises more of a minute ingenuity, and more elegance of taste, than the male intellect generally; and it is not to be doubted that women are as well qualified by nature to practise copper-engraving, lithography, and wood-cutting, as men. In fact, these branches of art are practised with success by a considerable number of females scattered here and there throughout London, notwithstanding all the difficulties which must have in the first place attended their acquirement of practical skill, and, in the second, must continue to attend their obtaining business, secluded in privacy as they necessarily are, and perhaps regarded with no good will by male artists in the same lines. The copper-plates for a neat volume descriptive of Hampton Court, and the engraving in wood of some beautiful designs of Harvey for Knight's splendid edition of the Arabian Nights, have been executed by one whom we have heard particularly mentioned, and who makes a tolerable income by these means, without neglecting the duties of a wife and mother. The drawing of plans for houses, gardens, and estates, in connexion with the professions of the architect, the landscape-gardener, and the land-surveyor, might also be practised by ladies, in perfect consistency with delicacy. At present, the colouring of maps and engravings is executed by females in domestic privacy, the employment being

furnished by engravers and publishers; but this work, though many respectable females must be glad to obtain a share of it, is a kind of drudgery, and accordingly but meanly remunerated. Women, we would say, may fairly aspire to some of those superior departments of artistic business, which are at present appropriated exclusively, or nearly so, by men, and which are capable of producing such an income as would suit the views of ladies anxious to employ their faculties to the best purpose.

The great difficulties are in the acquirement of the practical skill, and the getting regular employment afterwards. Ladies could not attend at the workshops or offices where the arts in question are now practised; and, from observations made by ourselves, we would fear that the masters of those arts in general would not be inclined to go much out of their way to accommodate a set of fair pupils. It would not, however, be a very difficult matter to set up a small academy in each of our principal cities, for the special instruction of young ladies in those arts. Such academies might be formed by associations of benevolent persons, partly of the class who are interested in art, under whose care the whole business might be conducted in strict privacy, and with every desirable regard to delicacy and propriety. When the pupils had attained sufficient skill, they might practise their art in the academy, or at their own homes, as might be deemed most convenient; but, at least, the academy should continue to be a rallying-point and centre for the transaction of business with publishers. There an active agent would serve as a medium for all negotiations, so that it might not be strictly necessary for any of the ladies ever to be seen, or even known by name, by any of her employers.

Some money, and a little exertion on the part of the benevolent founders, would be needed in the first place, to open such academies; but they would soon begin to support themselves. The pupils would, of course, pay for instruction, and, when they had acquired their art, they could afford to contribute to the expenses of general management, on the principle of a per-centage on their gains. If it were really seen that the institution was a means of obtaining fairly lucrative employment for young ladies, the public would unquestionably give it a share of the support which they extend to all such beneficial institutions. There might be some interested opposition; but nothing could long prevent real merit, supposing it to exist, from obtaining due encouragement in the proper quarters.

It has often been suggested, that the notable qualifications of women, as attendants on the sick, might be taken advantage of by themselves in a professional manner. In France and Belgium, the *Sisters of Charity* are celebrated for their ministrations in prisons and in private scenes of wretchedness. What a peculiar sense of religious duty has done in those countries, might here be done under the impulse of a regard to simple utility and the laudable desire of an independence. There might be need, in many instances, for a medical attendant between the ordinary physician and the sick-nurse—some judicious, educated person, of lady-like character, to take a charge in the sick-chamber, in order to direct the common nurse or servants, and see that all the behests of the physician were properly attended to. We contemplate, particularly, the sick-chambers of ladies; to whom, again, during convalescence, the possession of an agreeable companion, with some share of medical skill, would be invaluable. These are duties which ladies could perform, without any necessary depreciation of their character, or loss of place in society. It is not perhaps necessary that they should receive a scientific medical education, but merely that they should be generally well educated, with some knowledge of medical practice. In a pamphlet published a few years ago, the institution of some such female faculty of medicine is eloquently insisted upon. The writer says, "Let them [those designed to officiate] be selected for good plain sense, practical industry, and kindness of disposition. Let them receive, not a technical and scientific, but a practical medical education. For this purpose, let them be placed both as nurses and pupils in the hospitals of London and Edinburgh, or in the country hospitals. Let their attention be pointed to the particular symptoms by which diseases are distinguished; let them learn the rules by which the remedies are to be employed; let them be examined frequently on these subjects; let books be framed for them, containing the essential rules of practice, briefly, clearly, and untechnically written; let such women be distributed among the country parishes of the kingdom." And he confidently predicts that they would be productive of an immense amount of good.

An immediate effect of thus extending the number of employments for ladies would be to lessen the overcrowded state of the profession of the governess, and raise the remunerations in that department—consequently, to raise the consideration in which its professors are held. We would hope that society is now too well seen in political economy to surmise that the adoption of new employments by females would only lessen the amount of employment for men, and thereby cause as much evil in one direction as it cured in another. What advance would have ever been made, if such considerations as these had had to be first settled to the satisfaction of the short-sighted! The main fear of the author of these speculations is, that the

changes proposed will only go on too slowly to be in the least inconvenient to existing professors. Yet he is not without hope that benevolent and otherwise well-qualified persons will by and by set upon his suggestions, the fact being glaring and acknowledged, that some extension of lady-like employments is demanded by the peculiar state of British society.

D'ISRAELI'S AMENITIES OF LITERATURE—BOOKS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE veteran D'Israeli, now aged and blind, but still possessed of all his former industry, and that almost foreign vivacity of style, which have made his books for fifty years such universal favourites, has recently published a work of considerable magnitude and labour, under the title of *Amenities of Literature*, which may be described as a fragmentary and informal history of English authors and their works. He gives an account of the literature addressed more particularly to the people in former times; and a curious account it is, contrasted with the efforts now made to send down light into the lower regions of society.

The common people of England, in those days, had simple and rude songs, some of which were of a political nature, and also ballads or metrical narratives, which were in many instances redactions of the works of the chroniclers and minstrels. These were generally sung, while an audience sat around, as appears by the opening line of a ballad—

"Sitteih all stille, and harkeneth to me!"

They had likewise proverbs and fables, delightedly transmitted from father to son, though never committed either to writing or print. To proceed in our author's words—

"These proverbs and these fables, these songs and these tales, all these were a library without books, till the day arrived when the people had books of their own, open to their comprehension and responding to their sympathies. That this traditional literature was handed down from generation to generation, appears from the circumstance, that hardly had the printing-press been in use when a multitude of 'the people's books' spread through Europe their rude instruction or their national humour. They were even rendered more attractive by the expressive wood-cuts, which palpably appealed to a sense which required no 'cunning' to comprehend. * * * 'The Calendar of Shepherds,' originally a translation from the French, was a popular hand-book, and rich were its contents—a perpetual almanac, the saints' days, with the signs of the zodiac, a receptacle of domestic receipts, all the wisdom of proverbs, and all the mysteries of astrology, divinity, politics, and geography, mingled in verse and prose. It was the encyclopedia for the poor man, and even for some of his betters.

The courtly favourites of a former age descended from the oriel window to the cottage lattice. Perpetuated in 'chap-books,' and sold on the stalls of fairs, they became the books of the people. 'The Gestes' of Guy of Warwick and Sir Bevis of Hampton, and other fabulous heroes of chivalry, have been recognised in their humble disguise of the 'Tom Thumb,' and 'Tom Hickathrift,' and 'Jack the Giant-Killer' of the people.

All tales have wings, whether they come from the east or the north, and they soon become denizens wherever they alight. Thus it has happened that the tale which has charmed the wandering Arab in his tent, or cheered the northern peasant by his winter fire, alike held on its journey toward England and Scotland. Dr Leyden was surprised when he first perused the fabliaux of 'The Poor Scholar,' 'The Three Thieves,' and 'The Sexton of Cluni,' to recognise the popular stories which he had often heard in infancy. He was then young in the poetical studies of the antiquary, or he would not have been at a loss to know whether the Scots drew their tales from the French, or the French from their Scottish intercourse; or whether they originated with the Celtic, or the Scandinavian, or sometimes even with the Orientalists.

The genealogy of many a tale, as well as the humours of native jesters, from the days of Henry VIII. to those of Joe Miller, who, as somebody has observed, now too begins to be ancient, may be traced not only to France, to Spain, and to Italy, but to Greece and Rome, and at length to Persia and to India. Our most familiar stories have afforded instances. The tale of Whittington and his Cat, supposed to be indigenous to our country, was first narrated by Ariotto in his 'Novella dello Gatto,' in his 'Facetie,' which were printed soon after his death, in 1483: the tale is told of a merchant of Genoa. We must, however, recollect that Ariotto had been a visitor at the court of England. The other puss, though without her boots, may be seen in Straparola's 'Piacevoli Notti.' The familiar little Hunchback of the Arabian Nights has been a universal favourite. It may be found everywhere; in 'The Seven Wise Masters,' in the 'Gesta Romanorum,' and in La Grand's 'Fabliaux.' The popular tale of Llewellyn's greyhound, whose grave we still visit at Bethgeleit, Sir William Jones discovered in Persian tradition; and it has given rise to a proverb, 'As repentant as the man who killed his greyhound.' In 'Les Maximes des Orientaux' of Galland, we find several of our popular tales.

Bluebeard, Red Riding-Hood, and Cinderella, are tales told alike in the nurseries of England and

France, Germany and Denmark; and the domestic warning to the Lady-Bird, the chant of our earliest day, is sung by the nurse of Germany. All nations seem alike concerned in this copartnership of tale-telling—borrowing, adulterating, clipping, and even receiving back, the identical coin which had circulated wherever it was found. Doubtless, one of whose favourite pursuits was tracing the origin and ramification of tales, to my knowledge could have afforded a large volume of this genealogy of romance.

The people, however, did not advance much in intelligence, even after the discovery of printing, for new works, which should have been designed for popular purposes, were still locked up in a language which none spoke and only the scholar read; and this, notwithstanding a noble example had been set by the Italians to the other nations of Europe. In the early days of our printing, the vernacular productions of the press were thrown out to amuse the children of society, fashioned as their toys. We have an abundance of poetical and prose facetiae, all of which were solely adapted to the popular taste, and some of the writers of which were eminent persons. Few but have heard of 'The Merry Tales of the Madmen of Gotham,' and of 'Scogin's Jests,' full of witty mirth and pleasant shifts. These facetious works are said to be 'gathered' by Andrew Borde, a physician and humorist of a very original cast of mind, and who professedly wrote for 'the Commonwealth,' that is, the people, many other works on graver topics, not less seasoned with drolleries. He was the first who composed medical treatises in the vernacular idiom. His 'Breviary of Health' is a medical dictionary, and held to be a 'jewel' in his time, as Fuller records. In this alphabetical list of all diseases, his philosophy reaches to the diseases of the mind, whose cure he combines with that of the body, the medicine and the satire often pleasantly illustrating each other. From the 'Dictarie of Health' the modern apostles of regimen might expand their own revelations. It contains many curious matters, not only on diet but on the whole system of domestic economy, even to the building of a house, regulating a family, and choosing a good air to dwell in, &c. Another of his books, 'The Introduction of Knowledge,' is a miscellany of great curiosity, describing the languages and manners of different countries; in it are specimens of the Cornish, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch languages, as also of the Turkish, Egyptian, and others, and the value of their coins. The apt yet concise discrimination of the national character of every people, is true to the hour we are writing.

The writings of Borde incidentally preserve curious notices of the domestic life, and of the customs and arts of that period. Whitaker, in his History of Whalley, has referred to his directions for the construction of great houses, in illustration of our domestic architecture. In all his little books, much there is which the antiquary and the philosopher would not willingly pass by.

Andrew Borde was one of those eccentric geniuses who live in their own sphere, moving on principles which do not guide the routine of society. He was a Carthusian friar; his hair-shirt, however, could never mortify his unvarying facetiousness; but if he ever rambled in his wits, he was a wider Rambler, even beyond the boundaries of Christendom, 'a thousand or two and more miles,' an extraordinary feat in his day. He took his degree at Montpellier, was incorporated at Oxford, and admitted into the College of Physicians in London, and was among the physicians of Henry VIII. His facetious genius could not conceal the real learning and the practical knowledge which he derived from personal observation. Borde has received hard measure from our literary historians. This ingenious scholar has been branded by Warton as a mad physician. To close the story of one who was all his days so facetious, we find that this Momus of philosophers died in the Fleet. This was the fate of a great humorist, neither wanting in learning nor genius.

It is said that such was his love of 'the Commonwealth,' that he sometimes addressed them from an open stage, in a sort of gratuitous lecture, as some amateurs of our own days have delighted to deliver; and from whence has been handed down to us the term of 'MERRY ANDREW.'

In the limited circles which then divided society, the taste for humour was very low. We had not yet reached to the witty humours of Shakespeare and Jonson. Sir Thomas More's 'Long Story,' in endless stanzas, which Johnson has strangely placed among the specimens of the English language, was held as a tale of 'infinite conceit,' assuredly by the great author himself, who seems to have communicated this sort of taste to one of his family. Rastall, the learned printer, brother-in-law of More, and farther, the grave abbeviator of the statutes in English, issued from his press in 1525, 'The Widow Edith's Twelve Merrie Gestys.' She was a tricking widow, renowned for her 'lying, weeping, and laughing'; an ancient mumpster, who had triumphed over the whole state spiritual, and the temporality; travelling from town to town in the full practice of dupey and wheedling, to the admiration of her numerous victims. The arts of cheaterie were long held to be facetious; most of the 'Merrie Jests' consist of stultifying fools, or are sharpening tricks, practised on the simple children of dupey. There is a stock of this base coinage. This taste for dupey was carried down to a much later period; for the

'Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele,' and of Tarleton, are chiefly tricks of sharpers.

'The Hye Way to the Spytell House,' or, as we should say, 'the road to ruin,' exposes the mysteries and craft of the venerable brotherhood of mendicancy and imposture; their ingenious artifices to attract the eye, and their secret orgies concealed by midnight; all that flourishes now in St Giles's flourished then in the Barbican. Not long after, we have the first vocabulary of cant language of 'The Fraternity of Vacabondes,' whose honorary titles cannot be yet placed in 'Bankes's Extinct Peerage.'

There were attacks on the fair sex in those days which were parried by their eulogies. We seem to have been early engaged in that battle of the sexes, where the perfections or the imperfections of the female character offered themes for a libel or a panegyric. From the days of Boccaccio the Italians have usually paid their tribute to 'illustrious women,' notwithstanding the free insinuations of some malicious novelists; that people preceded in the refinement of social life the tramontani. England and France, in their ruder circle of society, contracted a cynicism which appears in a variety of invectives and apologies for the beautiful sex.

One of the most popular attacks of this sort was 'The School-house of Women,' a severe satire, published anonymously. One of the heaviest charges is their bitter sarcasm on the new dresses of their friends. The author, one Edward Gosynhyll, charmed, no doubt, by his successful onset, and proud in his victory, threw off the mask; mending his ambidextrous pen for 'The Praise of All Women,' called 'Mulierum Pean,' he acknowledged himself to be the writer of 'The School-house.' Probably, he thought he might now do so with impunity, as he was making the *amende honorable*. Whether this saved the trembling Orpheus from the rage of the Bacchantes, our scanty literary history tells not; but his defence is not considered as the least able among several elicited by his own attack.

'The Wife lapped in More's Skins, or the Taming of a Shrew,' was the favourite tale of the Petruchios of those days, where a naughty dame is softened into a degrading obedience by the brutal command of her mate; a tale which some antiquaries still chuckle over, who have not been so venturesome as this hero.

All these books, written for the people, were at length consumed by the hands of their multitudinous readers; we learn, indeed, in Anthony à Wood's time, that some had descended to the stalls; but at the present day some of these rare fugitive pieces may be unique. This sort of pamphlet, Burton, the anatomist of melancholy, was delighted to heap together; and the collection formed by such a keen relish of popular humours he actually bequeathed to the Bodleian Library, where, if they are kept together, they would answer the design of the donor; otherwise, such domestic records of the humours and manners of the age, diffused among the general mass, would bear only the value of their rarity."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

Two centuries of Swedish history—from 1521 to 1719—present a series of monarchs more strikingly marked by personal qualities of an extraordinary order, than almost any other European series of monarchs of the same extent in point of time. Gustavus Vasa, the restorer of independence—Gustavus II., the shield of the Protestant faith in central Europe—Christina, so clever and so mad—and Charles XII., who did the most splendid things by dint of sheer insanity—form certainly a singular gallery of family portraits.

Gustavus Adolphus, the second of this set of remarkable persons, was grandson of Gustavus Vasa, and the father of Christina. At his birth, which took place in 1594, Tycho-Brahe, who did not study the stars for science alone, foretold for him a career of extraordinary splendour. He was early placed under able tutors, and his progress is said to have been wonderfully rapid. At twelve, he had acquired a competent knowledge of more than half a dozen languages, ancient and modern. From his earliest years, he was distinguished for the strength and sincerity of his devotional feelings—a feature in his character which only increased with his years, and made him the great champion of the form of faith in which he had been trained. In his seventeenth year, he succeeded, by the death of his father (Charles IX.), to the Swedish throne, the legal period of minority being abridged by the states in his favour. The reason of this concession lay in the high promise which he had already shown in a war with the rival state of Denmark, as well as in affairs of a more peaceful kind. His external appearance was in itself calculated to engage the affections of the people. He was tall in person; handsomely formed, of a ruddy healthy complexion; with bright and piercing eyes, and a bearing at once easy and majestic. Sigismund, the son of an elder brother of Charles IX., and previously elected

King of Poland, in right of his mother, claimed the throne, and kept up a long war in support of his claims; but the states and people of Sweden had fixed their affections decisively on Gustavus, and never deviated for an instant from their fidelity to his cause.

At the commencement of his reign, the young king found Sweden in no very promising state, and had on his hands national disputes with Denmark and Russia, in addition to the Polish quarrel. All these differences, and the wars consequent upon them, Gustavus, aided by his able guardian and chancellor, Oxenstiern, conducted in such a way as at once to gain successive advantages to his country, and to fix upon himself the hopes of the Protestant world. Not to linger upon these early and comparatively unimportant passages of his career, it may be briefly mentioned, that he concluded an honourable peace, in the first place, with Denmark; that he gained decisive successes over Russia; and finally compelled his royal cousin, Sigismund of Poland, to enter into a peace most honourable to Sweden. In other respects, the conduct of Gustavus had been not less judicious and commendable. The young Countess of Brahe, the daughter of a subject of his own, had gained his affections; but, for the advancement of his country's interests, he effected a victory over his private wishes, and gave his hand to Maria Eleanora, daughter of the Elector of Brandenburg, and afterwards mother of his daughter and successor, Christina. Gustavus also improved the financial and judicial systems of Sweden in his early days, and founded various institutions which have conferred lasting benefit on his country.

In the mean time, the tremendous life-and-death contest between the Catholic and Protestant powers of Europe, known ultimately as the Thirty Years' War, had commenced. The Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, with the Elector of Bavaria, and all the princes of the German Catholic League, were arrayed against the numerous minor princes and free cities, that held fast by the Protestant faith. At the outset, the Catholic emperor gained most alarming successes. Under the able Bavarian general, Count Tilly, and latterly under the equally able commander, Albert de Wallenstein, a Bohemian noble, the imperial armies had vanquished every enemy, and, by the terrible excesses which these two captains permitted, had inspired the Protestants with equal terror and abhorrence. It was under these circumstances that the German Protestants turned their imploring eyes upon the young King of Sweden, whose attachment to the reformed religion was already notorious, and who, in that very character, had been insulted and injured by the Imperialists. Gustavus did not turn a deaf ear to the appeals of his Protestant brethren. He prepared a strong army for the recovery of the liberties of Germany; and when all things had been arranged for his departure, as well as for the government of the country in his absence, he assembled the states, and took a solemn farewell of them. Bearing in his arms his daughter Christina, then only four years of age, he presented her to the assembled diet, and caused them to renew their oath of allegiance to her. His manner was so affectingly serious, that the whole assembly was dissolved in tears, and it was some time before he himself could pronounce his farewell words. "No light or trivial cause," said he, "induces me to involve myself or you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that I have not sought the contest. But the emperor has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and stretched his ambitious hand to grasp my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly to us for aid, and, by the help of God, it shall be afforded them." The brave and pious monarch then severally addressed the various orders of his people, and gave them his parting advice and blessing. "I feel a presentiment," he said, "that I shall die in defence of my country and religion. I commend you then to the protection of Heaven. Be just, be conscientious, act uprightly, and we shall meet again in eternity." With nobler sentiments, a king never went to war. Having thus set his house in order, like a dying man, Gustavus left Sweden with a force of 15,000 men—an army not very formidable in numbers, but powerful from its valour, discipline, and unanimity, as well as from the dauntless spirit and military skill of him who commanded it. Conveyed by a fleet of transports, the Swedish troops landed, on the 24th of June 1630, on the Isle of Rugen in Pomerania. Gustavus himself was the first who sprung to land, where he immediately knelt down, and thanked the Almighty for the safety of his army and fleet. Immediately afterwards, he turned his attention to the performance of his great task. What was the degree of courage necessary to nerve him for entering on it, may be conceived from the fact that the emperor had not less than 150,000 men on the field in various parts of Germany, independent of those in garrison. But the Snow King, as he was contemptuously called at Vienna, under the impression that he would speedily melt away and be lost before the fiery powers of the south, knew neither fear nor hesitation. He overran Pomerania without delay, and in doing so exhibited a noble contrast to the conduct of the Imperial generals. The Swedish soldier paid for all he required; no private property was molested on his march. The Imperialist garrisons fled before him on all sides, and it was not till he entered Brandenburg, that an opponent worthy of his arms appeared on the scene. This adversary was Count Tilly, a man de-

scended of a noble Flemish family, and who had long commanded the Bavarian armies, without ever losing a decisive battle. Tilly was every way a remarkable man. Stern, gloomy, and bigoted, yet loyal and trustworthy, his appearance was in unison with his character. Of low stature, thin, with hollow cheeks, a long nose, wrinkled forehead, large whiskers, and a pointed chin, formed the chief features in his terrible and vulture-like countenance; while his dress was of a fantastic Spanish order, a long red feather which hung down his back being the most notable point in it. Tilly was the first who pointed out to the emperor the truly dangerous character of Gustavus as an enemy. "This is a player," said the old marshal, "from whom we gain much, if we merely lose nothing." With about 30,000 men, Tilly hurried to the scene of the Swedish king's successes. It was some time before they met, and, in the interval, the Imperialists attacked the strong and rich city of Magdeburg, which had declared for Gustavus. Before the latter could relieve it, the city was taken, and suffered the most deplorable fate, being given up by Tilly to the tender mercies of his brutal soldiery. "For four days," says Schiller, "a scene of carnage was carried on, which history has no language, art no pencil, to portray. Neither the innocence of childhood, nor the helplessness of old age; neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors." The entire amount of the slaughter was calculated at 30,000.

The news of the fate of Magdeburg spread horror over all Germany, and Gustavus was obliged to take some pains to show that it was impossible for him to have come up in time to save it. At the same time he proved that, though greatly inferior in force to Tilly, he had been advancing with fearless speed to encounter the Imperialist commander. The two did not meet, however, until the 7th September 1631, when Gustavus, being joined by the Saxon elector with his troops, advanced against Tilly near Leipsic, and attacked him with nearly equal forces. On the event of that battle hung the fate of the Protestants of Germany. The king chose for his battle-cry "God with us," while that of the Imperialists was "Jesus-Maria." During this great day, Tilly seemed for the first time unnerved. "Gloomy and sombre presentiments," says Schiller, "clouded the native clearness of his mind; the shade of Magdeburg seemed to hover over him." The pure-souled confidence of Gustavus formed a striking contrast. Having completed his dispositions, the king, arrayed in a plain grey dress, and only distinguished by a single green plume, stepped out in advance of the whole line of his army, and, in sight of them all, knelt down with uncovered head, and prayed that "God would defend the right." The whole army responded with a deep Amen. The issue of the battle was decisively in favour of the Swedes. After an obstinate struggle, the Imperialists fled on all sides, and Tilly himself narrowly escaped with life. Of the great army which he had commanded at morning, not 1000 remained by his side at night. Gustavus gained universal praise for his conduct on this day. "Oh!" exclaims his old Scottish follower, and quaint historian, Monro—"Oh! would to God I had once such a leader again to fight such another day in this old quarrel!" The Scots, it may be observed in passing, were especially devoted to the Swedish king. Monro gives a list of no less than thirty colonels, fifty-two lieutenant-colonels, and fourteen majors, in his service. They were chiefly Leslies, Ramsays, Mac-kays, and Monroes. Some of them held important commands, and were as much trusted by Gustavus as he was revered by them. The king was indeed the idol of all his followers, notwithstanding that he enforced among them a strictness of discipline altogether unknown in the wars of the day. At morn and sunset, the roll of the drum summoned the whole army to prayer; regular schools were always open in the camp; and all swearing and licentious conduct was forbidden under severe penalties. Duelling was the monarch's abhorrence, and was punished by death. It is said, that two brave officers once besought Gustavus to permit them to settle a dispute between them by an open appeal to arms. He seemingly agreed to the request, but, at the place of meeting, he presented himself with a headman in his train. Seeing this personage, bared to the shoulders, and leaning on a heavy sabre, the disputants appeared struck with a feeling of disagreeable surprise. "He is here," said the king, "to do his lawful duty. The instant one of you falls, the head of the other shall be struck off by his sabre." The officers fell at their master's feet, and prayed for pardon. He granted it, saying, "I wish to command soldiers, not gladiators. If the bravery of any man has been questioned, let him disprove the calumny at the expense of the common enemies of his country and religion."

Gustavus, having freed Saxony and Pomerania from the imperial yoke, now marched forward into the country, bending towards the Rhine. "With the sword in one hand," says Schiller, "and mercy in the other, he traversed Germany as a conqueror, a law-giver, and a judge, while the keys of towns and fortresses were delivered to him by the inhabitants as to their native sovereign." Franconia, Swabia, and the Palatinate, however, contained strong Catholic cities and garrisons, which he was under the necessity of subduing by force. Wurtzburg, Marienburg, and various others, fell before him in this manner; but though he opened the churches there to the Pro-

testants, and established for them an equality of rights, he did not retaliate on the Catholics the oppressions which they had inflicted on others. It was a sacred principle with him to spare the blood of foe as well as of friend. Having secured Franconia, and routed an army under the Duke of Lorraine, Gustavus marched along the Maine towards the Rhine, to win that frontier from Spain. Frankfort opened its gates to him, and he followed up the capture by the conquest of the whole Palatinate of the Rhine. In the mean time, Tilly, burning to avenge his defeat at Leipsic, had pursued the king's steps as far as the river Lech, the frontier of Bavaria on the west. There the Swede met him, and another great battle took place. Tilly was so strongly encamped in an arc formed by a bend of the river, that all the Swedish generals dissuaded their leader from the attempt to pass the stream in the face of such an enemy. "What!" cried Gustavus, "shall we who have not only passed the Baltic, but the Oder, the Rhine, and the Danube, turn back from a stream so petty as the Lech?" In pursuit of his resolve, the king, by the most admirable management, not only passed the river in spite of all Tilly's endeavours to stop him, but gave the old marshal a total and most signal defeat. Here ended that renowned commander's career. In the heat of the battle, he was struck in one of the legs, by a shot of three pounds weight, and was carried off the field, shortly before the rout of his army. He died within a few days afterwards.

This battle, which took place on the 3d of April 1632, opened up all Bavaria to the conqueror. He had still, however, one great enemy to overcome. This was Wallenstein, whom the emperor had first dismissed, and then, by extraordinary concessions, induced to take the command anew, and also to raise a great army. Wallenstein's immense wealth, derived chiefly from his Bohemian estates, and his high military fame, enabled him to raise a force of not less than 60,000 or 70,000 men. But it was difficult for a man even with the eminent talents and resources of Wallenstein long to maintain such a brigand-like force; and before the final encounter with Gustavus took place, his numbers were reduced, by disease, famine, and desertion, to 20,000. With a force fully equal to this, the Swedish king attacked Wallenstein at Lutzen, within a short distance of Leipsic, at the close of October 1632. The meeting of these two armies, and of these two generals, was even more momentous to Germany than the combats of the Swede with Tilly. Gustavus and Wallenstein were respectively the most famous champions of their several causes. The dreaded morning on which the Swedes came up to their foes was marked by a thick fog. "God with us!" and "Jesus-Maria!" were again the watchwords of the combatants. Again, or rather according to his wont, Gustavus knelt down in front of his army, and prayed. Soon after, the mist cleared away, and the charge was sounded. Thrice on that day was the battle lost and won. In the end the Swedes were left masters of the field and of all the cannon and baggage of the enemy; but the victory was bought at the price of their great commander's life. Hearing that his infantry had been beaten back at one point, Gustavus had flown to the spot with the greatest eagerness. He was about to lead on his men anew, but, while advancing fearlessly in front to search for a flaw in the enemy's line, his short-sightedness carried him almost close upon the enemy, and alone. A musqueteer, seeing him to be a person of consequence, took deliberate aim, and shattered his arm. "The king bleeds! the king is shot!" was the cry of the rapidly advancing Swedes. "It is nothing—follow me!" cried the brave monarch; but he grew faint, and whispered to the Duke of Lauenberg to lead him from the tumult. But ere this could be done, a well-known colonel of the Imperialists noticed and knew the king. "Ha! is it thou?" cried he; "long have I sought thee!" and, with the words, shot Gustavus through the body with a pistol. The hero fell immediately from his horse, and a desperate contest took place around, which heaped the spot with dead. The Swedes were again driven back, and a party of the enemy's light horse began instantly, as was their custom, to pillage the dead. Gustavus yet lived, and, on being asked his name and quality, exclaimed, "I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the liberties of the German nation!" A pistol-shot and a sword-thrust formed the reply of the questioner to this exclamation. "My God! my God!—alas, my poor queen!" were the expiring words of the Lion of the North. They were heard and reported by a wounded soldier at his side, who lived only to tell the tale.

Maddened by the loss of their prince, the Swedes, under Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, renewed the fight with resistless impetuosity, eager to recover the body of the king, and avenge his fall. Both purposes they effected, though at a bloody cost. One affecting circumstance was noticed in the morning after the field was won. The Yellow Guard of Gustavus, his favourite band, was cut to pieces, and lay on the ground, close by the spot where he had fallen, precisely in the order in which they had met the foe, having disdained to yield one inch. The body of the king, known only by its bulk and by certain scars, was carried to Stockholm, and there interred amid the tears of a whole nation. He was but thirty-eight years of age at the period of his decease.

But few of the military actions of Gustavus Adolphus have been noticed here. It has rather been our

purpose to give some idea of the character of the man, than to recount his acts. In conclusion, it may be observed, that some suspicions arose of his having perished by the hand of a seeming friend, the Duke of Lauenberg, already mentioned. But, though the duke was a man of bad character, there is no just ground for supposing him guilty of this act. The ordinary accidents of war are quite sufficient to account in a natural way for the fall of Gustavus.

FLORA MACDONALD.

[From the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*.]

THE story of the heroic conduct of Miss Flora Macdonald, in conducting the unfortunate Charles, in the disguise of a maid-servant, from the Long Island to Monkstadt [in the isle of Skye], is so well known, that any detail of it here is unnecessary.

Many were the trials and severe hardships which fell to the lot of the gallant Miss Flora subsequent to this adventure. She was soon seized and brought prisoner to London, where she was, with Kingsburgh and many others, confined in the Tower. All admired the dauntless part which she had acted; and her ease excited so much interest, that she was visited by the great and noble of the land. Among the rest, she had the honour of a visit from Prince Frederick of Wales, great-grandfather of her present Majesty Queen Victoria. This generous prince was so much struck with the simplicity and dignity of the fair prisoner's character, that he interested himself to procure her liberation. When she had obtained her freedom, she found refuge in the house of Lady Primrose of Dunnipace, where she was visited and loaded with honours by distinguished personages of all ranks and shades of politics. Returning to her native isle, she was married, in the month of November 1750, to Allan, son of Mr Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who resided at the time of his marriage at Flodigarry, in this parish. Upon the death of her husband's father, his son Allan succeeded him, and Flora, then Mrs Allan Macdonald, became lady of the mansion of Kingsburgh. She afterwards went to North Carolina with her husband, where he took part in the civil war which then disturbed the peace of that country. After undergoing many hardships in that quarter, they deemed it prudent to return to Skye. The vessel in which they sailed from America was met by a French privateer, and an action took place, in which Flora appeared on deck, where, with her wonted magnanimity, she inspired the seamen with courage, and assured them of success. Although her arm was broken in the engagement, yet her native spirit of heroism was not in the least degree damped. She never more left Skye. She had seven children, five sons and two daughters, besides some who died in infancy; all her sons were officers, who distinguished themselves in the service of their king and country. Her daughters, on the other hand, became officers' wives. Ann was the lady of Major Alexander Macleod, and died at Stein, in this island, about six years ago. Her second daughter, Frances, was married to Lieutenant Donald Macdonald of Cuidersach. Of this interesting family, none are now alive. The celebrated Flora lived to an advanced period of life, and retained to the last that vivacity of character and that amiableness of disposition by which she was always distinguished. On the 5th of March 1790, she departed this life, little more than two years before the death of her husband. Her remains were interred in the burying-ground of this parish, within a square piece of coarse wall, which was erected about the year 1766 to enclose the tombs of the Kingsburgh family. Her funeral, it is said, was attended by no fewer than 3000 individuals, of every rank and class, and all were liberally served with refreshments.

In the same burying-place various members of the Kingsburgh family were interred, as may be seen from the following inscription on a marble slab, which was procured many years ago by Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald of Exeter, to be placed over his mother's (Flora's) grave. The slab was, however, broken in conveying it to this place from the south; and no fragment of it is now left by tourists, who have carried it off in pieces as curiosities. The inscription was as follows:—

"In the family mausoleum at Kilmuir, lie interred the remains of the following members of the Kingsburgh family, viz.—Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh; his son Allan, his sons Charles and James, his son John, and two daughters; and of Flora Macdonald, who died in March 1790, aged 68—a name that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour."—"She was a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." So wrote Johnson.

The above confused description embraces the names of most of the Kingsburgh family, whose remains slumber within the square piece of rude building already alluded to. The remains of Flora's last surviving daughter, Mrs Major Macleod, were consigned to their kindred dust about six years since. The said Mrs Major Macleod has left only one daughter, Miss Mary Macleod, still alive at Stein.

So great was Flora's enthusiasm for the prince and his success, that she carried with her to America a part of the sheet in which he slept at Kingsburgh, intending that, when or where she might die, it might be used for her shroud. She brought it back from America, and it is said that, according to her own request,

it was the shroud in which she was lowered into the grave.

Now that the spirit of Jacobitism is gone, and the world at large has ceased to regard the claims of the house of Stuart, it is a matter of regret that the dust of the memorable Flora, in whose bosom that spirit, so lofty and chivalrous, burned with such unexampled fervour, should be allowed to moulder without a monument of the meanest description to mark her tomb. In this age, so remarkable for the zeal displayed in rearing memorials for distinguished characters, it is surprising that no spirited individuals have stepped forward to erect, by public subscription or otherwise, some monument over the ashes of one so justly celebrated and so universally admired. In all quarters of the kingdom, burying-grounds are to be seen crowded with every variety of tombs, excelling each other in neatness of workmanship and in elegance of inscriptions; while the remains of Flora Macdonald are allowed to crumble under a green solitary turf, without a stone to mark the spot, or even a rude flag with the initials of her name to catch the traveller's eye.

THOUGHTS OF A DEAF AND DUMB BOY ON OBSERVING HIS SISTER PLAYING UPON THE PIANO-FORTE.

[From the *Londonderry Journal*.]

Sister, I would have thee tell
(But, alas! I ne'er can know)
What doth make thy bosom swell,
And thine eye to brighten so,
When thy nimble fingers play
Upon that instrument so long?
The sounds are beautiful, you say,
And rapture is the child of song.

But what is sound, that it can bring
Such sweet emotion to the breast?
Oh, sound must be a lovely thing,
It makes thee, sister, seem so blest.
And yet, in vain I look for aught
That can such thrilling joy impart;
Is music, then, a nameless thought
That holds communion with the heart?

Or is it real—a thing that may
Be known to sense of sight or touch?

Ah! whither would conjecture stray?

'Tis vain—I only know this much—

That it is beautiful; but where,
On earth below or heaven above,

Shall aught be found so pure and fair,
That may the soul so strongly move?

I've seen the broad and fiery sun
Rising from the deep green sea,

And again, when day was done,
Streaking heaven's far canopy

With a glorious crimson fringe,
As gorgeously he sunk to rest,

Purpling ocean with the tinge
Of his brilliant fading crest;

And then, delighted, I have gazed,
As on a vision'd scene of bliss,

And all my thoughts were heavenward raised;
Is music, sister, aught like this?

And oh! the beauteous star-lit sky,
Sparkling rich in blue and bright,

Is, surely, full of harmony;
Is sound so lovely as its light?

And when the pale moon's silvery beams
Upon the stream and streamlet play,

Surpassing beautiful it seems;
Is this like music, sister, say?

Alas! alas! it cannot be;
Methinks that look of rapture now—

That passion-gaze of ecstasy—
That skyward lifted brow—

Defies my vain conjectures all;
To me that fount of joy is seal'd—

Its influence ne'er on me shall fall,
Nor e'en to fancy be reveal'd.

Yet shall I not unpleased behold
The pleasure 'tis not mine to know;

My sister's joy can ne'er unfold
To this fond heart a source of woe.

Londonderry, Sept. 19, 1830.

J. W.

SLAVE ANTS.

The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants is the propensity manifested by certain species to kidnap the workers of other species, and compel them to labour for the benefit of the community, thus using them completely as slaves; and as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red or pale-coloured ants, and the slaves, like the ill-treated natives of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female ants are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This instinct seems specially provided; for were the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery to which they appear to be doomed, still even that office must fail were the attacks to be made on their nests before the winged myriads have departed, or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind. When the red ants are about to sallie forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found; these scouts, having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest, and report their success. Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing; the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halting, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others; this vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony, they disperse, wandering through the herbage, and hunting about, as aware of the propinquity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover

the settlement; and the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed, by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes sallie forth in thousands, and the red ants rushing forth to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues; which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage: the red ants with their powerful mandibles tear open the sides of the negro ant-hill, and rush into the heart of the citadel; in a few minutes each of the invaders emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a worker negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valour of its natural guardians. The red ants return in perfect order to their nests, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching the nest, the pupæ appear to be treated precisely as their own, and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good-will; they repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvae, take the pupæ into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require—in fact, they conduct themselves entirely as if fulfilling their original destination.—*Newman's History of Insects.*

A LIBERAL TRIBUTE TO THE MEDICAL CHARACTER.

During the first season I was in Cork, there was a stagnant pool close by the town. The physicians and other medicals had a meeting about it, and drew up a report that the existence of such a nuisance was prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants. These, adopting the example thus suggested, all signed it, and presented it to the mayor and aldermen. The pond was thereupon filled up, and the nuisance and danger done away with. Was not this a piece of disinterested candour on the part of those whose living depends on the sickness of others? Indeed, this disposition, notwithstanding Foote's "Devil on Two Sticks," Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," and my own Dr Grigby in "The World in a Village," is a real attribute of physicians all over the world; a general kindness of heart is prevalent among the class. In my own case I remember two excellent instances—Dr Saunders and Dr Reynolds, who, on my pressing upon them repeatedly the usual fees, refused, in nearly the same words, though at an interval of several years respectively—"No, no, my good sir; I have been indebted to you for many an evening's intellectual enjoyment."—*O'Keefe's Recollections.*

VOCAL MUSIC CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.

It was the opinion of Dr Rush that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr Rush, "which has been suggested to me by my profession: that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." "The music-master of our academy," says Gardener, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informs me that he had known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing." In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three and four years of age, every thing is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increase the activity and powers of the vital organs.—*Musical World.*

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.

Mr Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when any thing occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, about three years before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse, he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed, "What's the matter there! The devil seems to have got among you!" A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr Hill in reply, said, "No, sir, it ain't the devil as is a-doing on it; it's a lady wot's fainted; and she's a very fat un, sir, as don't seem likely to come again in a hurry." "Oh, that's it, is it?" observed Mr Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too."—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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